

# THE MUSICAL WORLD.

A Weekly Record of

SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, AND INTELLIGENCE,

CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1842.

THE editor is no Brutus—he frankly pleads guilty to many disparaging attributes, more especially to the want of any share of that stoical indifference to pleasure or pain, to disgrace or triumph, either in himself or others, which the benevolence of Christianity, and the humanizing effects of modern education have happily, as he thinks, rendered unessential for society, and unamiable amongst mankind—that he is a lover of justice, of freedom, and of truth, he believes his friends the readers of the “Musical World,” will not hesitate to concur; and those who know him more intimately, are wont to admit that candour forms a constitutional characteristic of his disposition; but he boasts no particle of that stern coolness which can inflict without self-suffering; and he is utterly incapable of punishing, even if punishment be merited, those whom he has cherished, and to whom he is attached. This much seems essential to be premised, on entering upon a discussion which, the antagonism between duty and feeling, renders most peculiarly difficult and painful; in such cases, a man’s honest purpose and intention, is his safe panoply; it make his weapon keen, and his shield invulnerable; thus armed, at present, as at all times, the writer grows bolder in the belief, that his championship of Art will not be undervalued, and cannot be deteriorated, by his love of Nature.

A most extraordinary and startling occur-

rence took place at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, on Saturday last; it appears that at the last concert of the society, at the conclusion of M. Thalberg’s performance of his “Sonnambula” *Fantasia*, and while a large proportion of the audience was demanding its repetition, a “young composer,” or, as some say, “two young musicians,” (had they been accurately counted, perhaps “two and twenty” might have been found nearer the number,) were so uncourteous and impolite, as to express their dissent in the most unequivocal manner. For this breach of conventional decorum, a considerable number of the Philharmonic band, with their leader at their head, thought proper, at the moment Dr. Mendelssohn was about to commence the trial of his concerto, to single out the said “young composer,” who happened to be passing up the room, and to salute him with a volley of hisses, mingled with cries of “turn him out,” or, as others have it, “turn them out,” in allusion to the obnoxious “two.” This, it is presumed, will be admitted to be a correct and fair narration of the facts.

In perusing this brief statement, the reader will observe two important points—first, that a young artist committed the indelicacy and imprudence of expressing his disapprobation of another artist, and secondly, that a number of musical men more coarsely and flagrantly expressed their disapprobation of a brother musician. Now, admitting that the former was an act of

great indiscretion, and impropriety, and bad taste, which every one must disapprove, and which the individual himself has frequently acknowledged to merit condemnation; surely the latter was equally wrong and ungenerous—nay, far more so, since it appears to have been the result, not of impulse, but of cool and deliberate premeditation; but the cases assume a very wide dissimilarity, when it is remembered that the former was the expression of an individual, forming part of an audience, whose opinion had an equal right to be demonstrated with that of any person, or number of persons comprising that audience; while the latter was the gratuitous, and somewhat presumptuous act of a knot of individuals, whose duty in their legitimate places in the orchestre, is, to court judgment, and certainly not to judge or to inflict; besides, in their precipitation to exhibit their very equivocal sense of justice, they forgot the common decency and decorum of all considerate men, and turned from the due attention which might have been inspired by the presence of the greatest living ornament of their art—they forgot that Mendelssohn was there, he who had come amongst them to glorify music, and assist their tottering society; they turned from the respect due to a great man, and from their duty and attention as assistants in the co-performance of one of his matchless works, to do what?—To wreak a petty school-boy’s vengeance upon an erring individual, as humble and insignificant as themselves.

So much for the justice of the case—turn we now, to the magnanimity of reproving wrong, by greater wrong-doing; to the contemptible feeling, which could seek to make reproof more bitter, by the presence in which it was delivered; to the shameful degradation of the Philharmonic Society, a body purporting to comprise the élite of the musical profession in this country, by a vulgar minor theatrical brawl, in the presence of two or three hundred persons, one hundred of whom, at least, were ladies and strangers, invited to enjoy and attest the high artistical refinement of Englishmen and liberal professors. The Editor is persuaded that most thinking persons will agree in the lamentable consideration, that all this is extremely disgraceful to the Society, must have been disgusting to the sober-minded members, and the rest of the band, and is likely to leave a stigma less enduring upon the victim, than upon the victimisers, and to prove injurious to the best interests and welfare of the art. It is true, the "Morning Post," and some less important journals, have not contented themselves with reprobating the original offender, or offenders, but have hyperbolically lauded the band for having put off the gentleman, and asserted the vulgar prerogative of "lynch law;" but this is easily accounted for, by the familiar acquaintance such writers have obtained with parallel demonstrations, in their records of election riots, and shilling gallery rows—they seem not to have dreamed of the extent to which their anathemas would have gone, had the case been their own; were the band and the chorus, and the principal actors, *en masse*, or any clique or portion of a *corps dramatique* of a theatre, to greet them on their passing to their critical corners in the pit, with a similar salute, for the enormity of having expressed their individual opinion of a yesternight's performer, or performance.

Censuring to the very utmost the misjudgment and discourtesy of the original error, or fault, if you will, still the principle, that an auditor has the right to express his opinion at any performance, must be admitted; and when that opinion

is dissentient to the demand of an encore, which is itself an innovation upon really good taste, the apparent illiberality of the dissent is considerably palliated, and its supposed invidiousness entirely neutralized. The Editor has reason to know, that many of the wisest and most experienced of the profession agree with him in these views; and he believes that Mr. Thalberg himself may be reckoned in the number. The hairbrained ebullition of inconsiderate youngsters, who, in their skylarking propensities, heed not, and care not for the odium they create, may be excusable; and they will have years in which to repent and reform—at least, such may be hoped—but what is to be said for the leader of this admired piece of indecency—the LEADER, *par excellence*, of the day? what is to be said for him who, with the gray hairs and experience of sixty years upon his forehead, and with sons whose uncurbed enthusiasm might have led, and still may lead them to the commission of similar acts of imprudence and folly? where is the rational excuse for such a worthy having lent himself to so unseemly an outrage, and having made himself conspicuous in a wanton perpetration of silly and ungentlemanly spleen? a little cool reflection will, it is to be hoped, show him that he has been unjust and vindictive—attributes unworthy of him—and conviction of error is the nurse of many virtues.

The Editor has been led beyond the restriction with which he is wont to bound himself, and having necessarily made some personal allusions, which in general he avoids, he deems it fair to throw aside his usual alphabetical signature; which will render much of his argument more intelligible, and will leave the entire responsibility of whatever unintentional wrong it may contain, on the right shoulders.

GEORGE MACFARREN, *Sen.*

\* At the "Musical World" office, 3, Coventry Street, Haymarket.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

MR. AND MADAME BALFE'S CONCERT took place last evening at the mansion of the Earl Tankerville, and proved one of the most brilliant and successful assemblies of the season.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY performed Rosini's "Stabat Mater" last night, at the Hanover Square Rooms, with a miscellaneous act. We shall have more leisure to speak of the "Stabat" next week; at present it will suffice to state, that the whole of the choral department of last night's performance was unique, and certainly unparalleled in this country. The highest praise is due to Mr. G. F. Harris, the zealous director of the Society, and conductor of the night.

### "The Estimator."

A SERIES OF ESSAYS,  
ANALYTIC, ILLUSTRATIVE, EXPLANATORY, AND  
CRITICAL,

On the Works of Eminent Composers, Ancient  
and Modern.

#### Contributors:

MR. JOHN BARNETT,  
MR. J. W. DAVISON,  
MR. E. J. LODER,  
MR. G. A. MACFARREN,  
MR. HENRY SMART,

and other acknowledged Musicians, whose names  
will hereafter appear.

#### SPOHR'S NEW SYMPHONY,

"EARTHLINESS AND GODLINESS."

I have heard this symphony three different times:—viz. at its first trial in this country, by the Philharmonic band—at the rehearsal previous to the concert which introduced it to an English public—and at the concert itself. I have never seen a score of it—nor any printed or manuscript edition—consequently my remarks must wholly relate to its *poetical* merits—and I shall defer all technical notice to some future period, when I trust to have an opportunity of perusing it carefully. I have not, nor do I wish to assume, that ready comprehension of the *materiel* of works of elaboration, through the medium of a simple hearing, unaided by previous readings, which so eminently distinguishes my friend Macfarren—and of which he has given so admirable an example in his last week's essay on the symphony in *A minor* of Mendelssohn. My apprehension of music is purely impressional—I feel myself capable of judging correctly of its general effect—of its fitness for a stated purpose—of the development of its original intention—of its poetical tendency—of its peculiar sentiment; but the absolute machinery of which it is composed—the hidden springs which quicken it into life—altogether elude my perception, until I have made acquaintance with it upon paper. Having thus confessed myself, and my deficiency in one of the surest marks of a true musician, a deficiency which I attribute either to organic inaptitude for music, or to a far too late commencement of its study—I trust that the readers of the "Estimator," will accept from me with indulgence, a paper, of a wholly different nature from the very able one of last week—a paper, whose only claim to the attention of musicians, must lie in the sincerity of the feelings which induced its composition—since, in relation to their art—it teaches nothing—suggests nothing, pretends to nothing.

SPOHR—in this, his last great work—has, I conceive, judging from its nomenclature, ("Earthliness and Godliness") and its peculiar character throughout, aimed at the difficult task of depicting, or rather suggesting by the aid of musical sounds, the entire life of man, as acted upon by the two great principles, vulgarly called good and evil, esoterically entitled the unknowing and the knowing—or, still more mysteriously, by certain of the philosophers, the passionless, and the passionate. By his two orchestras, I understand the individual representations of these opposite principles, which are co-existent from eternity—and which in the life of man, are at first latent in his organization—but that the prevailing *innate* principle, the atmosphere which encircles and interpenetrates childhood, is innocence, or the unknowing—the opposite principle merely existing by the supposition of susceptibility in the infantine organization, till made gradually apparent by the growth and expansion of *desire*. The small orchestra of eleven solo instruments, I take to represent pure innocence, the great orchestra the opposite and corrupting medium. Let it be understood, as I progress, that I do not always mean the *knowing* principle to be the *bad*—I hold with no such old wife's tale, with no such antique commonplace, sanctified and established by centuries of ignorance and miscalculation. I think on the contrary, that the major part of the happiness of which man is capable, draws its origin from *passion*—since innocence unpassioned, is but a state of quiescence or nonsuffering—or, in other words, and better expressive of my meaning—non-feeling—and since happiness consists assuredly in pleasureable excitement—the more mental and imaginative, the more intense and refined—I can but look upon utter innocence, and what is generally termed uncorruption, as a mere vegetation rather than a life—a simple existence, rather than a state of action. That Spohr holds the same opinion, is to me, a matter of thorough conviction, judging from the very evident signification of the work I am attempting to analyse. Innocence of itself is one thing—innocence viewed through the medium of a poet's imagination is another—and such is, in my opinion, the first movement of Spohr's symphony; including the delicately beautiful horn solo prefacing it—which latter I fancy to be an indication of the child itself, and the ensuing allegretto, of the child's existence—the two together, representing the child, and childhood. This allegretto is a veritable triumph of genius. The choice of the transparent and unguileful key of C major, admirably indicative of the pure white intelligence of childhood, is highly felicitous, and one great thought to begin with. The pretty fantasticality of the instrumentation—the joyous singing of the

violins—the butterfly fluttering, lispings, and chattering, of the wood instruments—the short cries of unconscious delight, and evanescent anguish, so aptly pictured by the horns, are, one and all, poetically suggestive of the days of wondering infancy—with its rosy cheeks—and its pretty tyranny—its love without heart—and its irresistible love-ability. The subjects too, are the very heaven of sweet unconsciousness—the confidence that throws itself into the arms of whatever presents itself, not from *faith*, but from unknowledge—not from a glory of unreserved trust, but from a fulness of unchequered inexperience. The entire movement is one of continuous and unbroken melody—a very honeycomb of sweet thoughts has been lavished by the master—who seems to have concentrated all the purest resources of his genius—all his freshest and most primeval impulses, on this part of his work, the chief portion of which is communicated by the smaller orchestra, with a delicious and perfectly novel effect. The occasional interference of the great orchestra, gives me the feeling of short and troubled dreams, which the sunshine and the morning speedily dispel—or of April showers, which leave the earth the more gay at their departure—or of

"Sunny storms o'er the darkgreen deep."

as the sweetest of poets sweetly sings—or of pettish moods for causes undefined—or of pretty floods of tears for butterflies destroyed—the poor butterflies which cannot live again, and be joyous and merry—and fly about, and be caught again—and crushed again, and wept for again! Oh! childhood April-faced!—Oh! merry days of unpassion, *never to return!* Oh! infancy! thou hast fled—fled—fled—but whither?—ah! whither?

Out of the day and night  
A joy hath taken flight!

The master has triumphantly effected this, the first part of his work; but now comes a task of loftier aim—of intenser difficulty—of almost impossible achievement—THE AGE OF PASSION—(not of sorrows, as some one has unappreciatively described it)—the age of passion, when those fairy forms, which in childhood are but shadowed forth in dreams, become impersonated into actual existence—the age when the heart has roused itself from a long lethargy, and awakes—and sees—and beats—and loves—the age which begins with a long, ever-gnawing, restless want of a something indefinite, that, in progress of time, is suddenly (or gradually, according to individual character) defined—and a faith and a religion is created—and a *being* or an object is worshipped—and life is but one thought—one desire—all other thoughts—all other desires—fading away into insignificance before it, as the dim stars before

the moon's full flood of light, yet coloured by it—atmosphered by its overwhelming presence. What matters the precise object of this dream of our existence? It does but vary as temperaments are different—with some it has been chivalry—with some magic—with some alchemy—with some an impious desire to compete with Almighty power, and mock it in its creative faculty—with some fanaticism of atheism or credulity—with some an art—but with the most ardent, the most zealous, the most sensitive, the beginning, the end, the summit, the base of this noonday enthusiasm has ever been, that word, "too often profaned," that—

Desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow—

that—

Devotion to something afar,  
From the sphere of our sorrow—

which, since the history of the world began, has had but one universal and all comprehensive name—

### LOVE!

Mysterious and unfathomable—hidden and incomprehensible feeling! ever child of enthusiasm! too often parent of despair! That Spohr is a poet, who can doubt?—that he is a great poet, the first movement of this symphony proves indisputably; but to represent to our sympathies—to suggest to our understandings, by the medium of musical sounds, the variegated influences of the age of passion, requires a greatest poet—a Wordsworth—a Shelley—or a Shakspeare, in music—or, in other words—a Mozart—a Beethoven—or a Mendelssohn. Nevertheless, though, in my opinion, Spohr has not entirely reached the acme of perfection in this movement, which he so thoroughly compasses in the first—yet there is a passionate restlessness—a dreamy tristfulness—an eagerness of desire—a yearning for the indefinite—a feverish changefulness—a wild despair—a torrent of exultation, and I know not what else, which prove the truthfulness of his conception of what such a movement *ought to be*. The slow movement, preceding the allegro appassionato in F minor, though evincing occasional passages of beauty, has not, *for me*, any very significant meaning—but the melancholy unrestful eagerness of the allegro, where the bassoon would appear to represent youth first discovering that it has a soul—a soul which mourns for its mate—and the showery motion of the violins, aptly picturing the volatile animal spirits inseparable from that age of dreams, are as exquisitely beautiful, as they are truthfully appropriate. The astounding subject in triplets, which appears first on the scene with a fine burst of trombones, and all the brass, combining with the two entire



orchestras—in the major key of C—is, as the moment when the heart first feels that it loves, and leaps with exultation not to be suppressed, wrapped in its new-made atmosphere of light;—the maiden has stood before the poet, in the pride of her loveliness—and the poet has acknowledged her sway—a Charlotte—a Eugenie—or a Dolly, (I love to call to my aid the visionary beauties of our early poets,) has been owned supreme—the poet loves!

Into his heart a silent look,  
Flashed from her careless eyes,  
And what before was shadow, took  
The light of summer skies.  
The first born love was in that look—

The first-born love flashes from that burst of exultation—music, and thenceforward man's life is, in the master's estimation, a troubled water, over the face of which a spirit moves, influencing it as the pole influences the magnet, with an intangible, indescribable, but eternal and irresistible influence. The first notion of this tumultuous whirlpool of passion is as beautiful and truthful as could be wished, but I doubt if Spohr has proved himself master of the sustaining power of continuity, so satisfactorily on this, as on other occasions. He often flags during the progress of the movement—becomes dry and tedious—muddles himself with meretricious and meaningless modulations—palls upon the ear with worn out sequences of sevenths, and what not—which, though in an immense degree palliated by passages of irresistible beauty, such as the two I have mentioned in detail, and by novelties of instrumentation as delicious as they are uncommon, still leave the understanding dissatisfied at the conclusion of the movement; and this is the more remarkable from the perfect symmetry of the one which immediately precedes it. Still, I should desire another hearing, and a careful perusal of the score, ere I trusted myself to a decisive expression of disapproval of any part of so large and so comprehensive a work as this symphony. The last movement, as regards mere poetical conception, is perhaps the most perfect of the whole. It is, as it seems to me, the struggle of a sensitive temperament, as the moment approaches when it must accept the peaceful consolations of religion, and resign the burning influences of passion—hope for a happiness, unseen, unfelt, even by the imagination—and abandon a fitful paroxysm, now heaven, now hell, now bliss, now misery—all and each in extremes—of which it has known, and felt, and rioted in the irresistible influence. Spohr has treated this part of his subject as a wise philosopher and a consummate poet. He has not, by a vulgar burst of religious exultation, embodied the common place that our early feelings, and hopes, and passions, dear and cherished as they have been, and must ever be, can be thrown away as cast

off garments, without a regret more deep than the cold faint hope of a dreary and unknown hereafter which succeeds them—or the passionless worship of a tremendous, but unloved and unsympathising power, which we flatter in the hope of a good, undefined, and crouch to, in the fear of an evil unimagined. In the mind of the great master, this passage of our existence is one of despairful melancholy; at first, a fearful struggle between the two influences—the cold and the warm—the passionless and the passionful—RELIGION and LOVE—at last, a mournful, regretful, miserable resignation—the death-bed of desire—the coffin of hope—the grave of enthusiasm!

IT IS ENDED!!!

childhood has come again, with memory to curse it, with experience to deride it, with wrinkles to make mouths at it, with dead passions, and strangled hopes, and blighted loves, and half extinguished hates, and ceaselessly burning envies, and fierce regrets to throw their arms around it, and stifle it with despondency. Childhood has come again, without its freshness—passion is dead, and religion stalks o'er the path which love erst strewn with myrtle leaves and heliotrope! The management of this difficult argument is in every sense of the word masterly. The first subject—illustrative of fierce passion, and devotion to earthly objects—which has been stupidly called a plagiarism on Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits," has all the tumult, and agitation which poetical justice demands; and the counter-subject, indicating the cold, and calm, the bloodless, and loveless, patience or obstinacy of religion, is just as faultlessly appropriate as the other. The two wage a zealous warfare with varied success, now one predominant, now the other—till at last the triumph of religious faith, the resignation of earthly passion, is developed by a flood of harmony most heart rending, and most beautiful;—never indeed was more poignant and desperate regret portrayed by musical sounds;—the heart of the maiden spotless in the full bloom of youthful loveliness—with every passion open mouthed—with every hope on tiptoe—but consigned by inexorable circumstance (no matter what, I leave that to the imagination) to the freezing dreariness of a *veiled existence*, (which means that her emotions, though as pungent as those of her more lucky sisters of the world, are to be smothered up by the hypo-criticality of conventional necessity) the heart of the YOUTHFUL NUN, with its crushed blossoms of happiness—is most vividly portrayed by this weeping, thoughtful, poignant flood of grief, with which the master invests the triumph of religion and the resignation of worldly feelings, and with which his noble work concludes. When the orchestra has wafted aloft its latest sigh—when the last note has gone up to the heaven,

whence it came to reside for a brief space in the mind of the master, that he might explain it to the world—when the silence-killing sound has ceased to vibrate—the impulse which first lays hold of me, is that of the deepest gloom, the most anguished despondency, only to be relieved by an unrestrained flood of fast falling tears—which the vexed heart sheds from its inmost fountains. The thought that the *time of resignation* must come for me as well—nay for all of us, for listening to such great works makes cosmopolites of us in the truest sense, the dreadful thought, that love and hope must die, *never to live again*—throws me into the very depths of inconsolable despair;—the alternative has for me no charms—that period of life when passion takes the veil, and the sunlight ceases to illumine the soul—when a splendour has departed from the grass, and a tree is but a tree\*—when the blood, which was wont to bound impetuously round the heart, swayed into motion by the multiformity of outward impressions, becomes a stagnant pool, a fetid marsh, or an icebound, moveless mass—when love is but a word in the dictionary—and woman but the opposite to man—that period I never wish to see—may I be dead ere it arrive—may I never, like Spohr, live to resign with lamentations—without the power of Spohr to depict in vivid poetry, in eternal music, in dazzling colour, the history of the past.

Such are the melancholy impressions to which I am subject under the influence of this, in my opinion, fine musical poem, the masterpiece of one of the greatest musicians that the world has produced—the artistic triumph of the illustrious Spohr, which I fear has been but little understood in this country—and I anticipate for a long period must remain so. When the critics of the day have resigned their pens, and have ceased to deal out delusions as monstrous as unmeaning—as absurd, as unartistic—as unpoeitical as commonplace—as flippant, as shallow—as meagre and inventionless, as erroneous and besotted—when their places are taken by wiser men, and better musicians, and truer poets, and sounder thinkers, WHEN ARTISTS SHALL DISCOURSE OF ART, AND AMATEURS LISTEN WITH RESPECT—then, and not till then, will the deep meaning of such metaphysical works as this symphony of Spohr be properly communicated to the multitude.

J. W. DAVISON.

\* Wordsworth.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSICAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Poor Cymro does not deserve to be snubbed so publicly as he has been, by you in your last num-

ber of the Musical World, he is quite right about the Musical Antiquarian Society, I am (like *Cymro*) a subscriber to the Musical Antiquarian Society, but of course I have not been in Dr. Payhern's diving-bell, for the last seven months, and I have not the slightest wish to go up the Nile, (at least with the Funny Club) still, I have not heard any thing of the doings of the Society, neither have I received my copy of "Morley's Ballets" which you say have been published these two months, but I should like to have them, when the Society can think it worth while to attend to *Cymro* and their country subscribers. For my own part, if *Cymro* has been up the Nile, (which I never heard him talk about) I wonder he troubles himself about the Musical Antiquarian Society, for he might have brought a Sphinx or a pyramid home with him and set them at defiance, but *Mr. World* I think you make a mistake and mean the *Rhine* instead of the *Nile*, which I have every reason to think he has lately explored, from the circumstance of his having given me a very good glass of Guinness's stout the last time I called upon him.—Yours,

CYMRU'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Worcester,  
June 27, 1842.

As we have not taken the pledge, we may be permitted to confess a sneaking preference for the last named fluid in our correspondent's letter to all the mere waters in the world, *Eau de Cologne*, included; and had we been fortunate enough to have partaken of the libation alluded to, we might possibly have been enabled to follow our correspondent's train of reasoning, and satisfy them on the subject of his apparently just complaint—the council of the Antiquarian Society will, perhaps, spare us that trouble—to them, the letter is referred.

ED. M. W.

#### REVIEW.

"The British Vocal Album," edited by J. W. Davison.—Nos. 8, 9, 10, composed by Henry Smart.

No. 8—"Let me roam."

—9—"Sleep heart of mine."

—10—"Rosamond's song."

Wessel and Stapleton.

The name of a musician like Mr. Henry Smart, confers additional lustre on the "British Vocal Album." The nature of his music is in the purest sense intellectual; he never condescends, for the sake of indiscriminate applause, to write one atom beneath the standard which his own intelligence has pronounced the highest. In each of the three songs before us, we find good things enough to save from condemnation, at least twenty songs of the ordinary calibre. Their melody is flowing, unrestrained, and abundant; their accompaniments, ingenious, elaborate, appropriate, and original. The first, "Let me roam," begins with a melancholy and charming bit of plaintiveness in E minor, 6-8 time, and is followed by a long episode in the major, in which a novel figure of accompaniment is sustained throughout four pages, in the most dexterous and masterly fashion—after this, the first portion in E minor is repeated, with the addition of a short and beautiful

coda; the whole of this song is in the greatest degree artistic, and would confer honour on any existing composer. It is admirably fitted for a contralto voice, and we take upon ourselves to recommend it strongly to the attention of our young and rising contraltos, Misses M. B. Hawes, Bassano, and Dolby, either of whom would confer on herself inestimable benefit, and on us infinite gratification, by introducing it at one or more of the many concerts in which their names appear. The second song of the set, (in B minor,) "Sleep heart of mine," is one of the most delicious snatches of tristful poetry that we could wish to hear. This is also written for a contralto; indeed, Mr. Henry Smart seems to have a predilection for that beautiful individuality among female voices—a predilection we most earnestly share with him. With the exception of one or two points, which we cannot by any means admire—such as, for example, the E sharp against the E natural in the fifth bar of the opening symphony, the strong feeling of fifths in the moving accompaniments of the treble, in the last bar of page 2—and the whole of the accompaniment to the melody, which is set to these words,

"But if in thy slumbers  
Breathe one sweet murmur," pp. 4, 5,

which seems to us considerably muddled and confused—with these exceptions, "Sleep heart of mine" is an absolute perfection—a true glimpse of genius. Nothing can be well more lovely than the melody itself—nothing more exquisitely touching, more simply and naturally beautiful than the progression of the common chords of F sharp D, A, and G—by means of which the return to the motivo of the song is effected—nothing more bold and bright than the transition into G in the fifth page to the words—

"Wake heart of mine,  
From such dangerous sleeping;"

nothing more delicately yet intensely passionate than the entire of the last page—and it is this exceeding beauty of the almost complete song, that makes us the more regret the decided faults we have mentioned—and one other we have omitted—which is, at least, an error of judgment—viz. the two bars at the beginning of page 2, which seem to be two bars too many—or at least two bars of superfluous matter—and had much better be altogether omitted. We have said so much of the two first, that we have only space left to record our undivided approbation of the third or "Rosamond's Song," which is the most elaborate of the three—and the most faultless—if not decidedly the most beautiful. It has not the charms of melody which so remarkably distinguish its fellows, but its accompaniment (an ingeniously sustained figure in

semi-quavers) its progressions, and its harmonies are, from the first bar to the last, in the most eminent degree clever and musician-like—nay, we freely own that it is our favourite of the three, though we doubt if, in general esteem, it can ever compete with them. Thus far, Mr. Henry Smart takes the loftiest place among the contributors to the "British Vocal Album"—it remains to be seen what those, for whom is destined the arduous position of following in his wake, can do to emulate him. All we can say is, we shall be delighted if they can *beat him hollow*, but we have consummate doubts of the possibility of effecting it.—*Nous verrons*.

(A Review of Dr. Mendelssohn's Psalm—"Come let us sing," is unavoidably postponed till next week—owing to the space occupied by No. 2 of the ESTIMATOR.)

#### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

##### Metropolitan.

##### MR. HULLAH'S THIRD AND LAST GREAT CHORAL MEETING.

This performance took place on Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst.; and, if anything were wanting to confirm the good report we have had the pleasure to give our readers of the previous meetings, and of the efficacy of the system employed by Mr. Hullah in the instruction of his multitudinous classes, the opinion of, perhaps, the highest musical authority in Europe may be adduced—from the lips of Dr. Mendelssohn, who was present at this last meeting, we had the gratification to hear the most flattering expressions of satisfaction, and a remark that the practical advancement of the pupils was both "extraordinary and astonishing;" this should inspire the classes with new energy and pers everance, and may well compensate their zealous teacher for his anxious and indefatigable exertions.

The selection of pieces executed on this occasion comprised several of those contained in the previous programmes, together with "Sleepers awake," from the oratorio of St. Paul, Atterbury's glee, "Come let us all a Maying go," and the old cheerful chorus known as the "Waits," in all of which a very considerable proficiency was displayed—the former, however, which is by no means an easy task, and which lacked the trumpet accompaniment, was the least effective piece of the evening; a mortifying circumstance, considering that it was, most probably, selected in compliment to the presence of its great composer—the glee went passing well, and the "Waits" made us think we were under the green bowers of Hampton or Enfield, listening to a whole parish of serenaders at the lattice of the immortal Queen Bess.



We earnestly recommend diligence and attention to all those who have profited by the Wilhem system; and to those who are yet unacquainted with it, we desire to be distinctly understood, as recommending it to universal adoption, as a means of moral and mental culture, and not upon what is termed "artistical" grounds—it assumes not to train the voice into executorial elaborations—nor to produce refined and perfect specimens of the vocal art, but it evidently makes every student a musical reader, and hence, a musical thinker, it inculcates that happiest of human sentiments, the enhancement of our own pleasures, by pleasing others; and from these we are led to augur a very extended advantage to the cause of music in this country, through its influence and success.

#### MISS BETTS' CONCERT.

This performance was well attended on the 22nd inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. Miss Betts is a talented vocalist, well known to the public and the profession from her having sustained, at Drury Lane Theatre, during many seasons, a rank of no inconsiderable responsibility, always with the approbation of her audience, and the good feeling of her professional associates; on the present occasion she sang several favourite pieces, and received abundant and well merited plaudits for her exertions. Miss Betts is a somewhat rare example of a female vocalist being a good practical musician.

A capital band was led by Mr. F. Cramer; part of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and the overture to "Fidelio" were effectively played by them. Mr. C. D. Betts played a movement of a violin concerto of Viotti, in a very chaste and brilliant style. Mesdames Caradori, Hawes, Loder, and Wyatt; Messrs. Hobbs, Giubilei, Allen, Wilson, Haigh, Crouch, Brandt, and John Parry, contributed their services to this agreeable concert, which was ably conducted by Mr. Moscheles.

#### MELOPHONIC SOCIETY.

The committee of this young and aspiring society are entitled to great commendation, and the executive members of the society in general merit much applause, for their zeal and enterprize in getting up and performing the "Israel in Egypt," on Friday evening last, at Store Street Hall; but to whom belongs the credit of having introduced, or permitted the introduction of four songs, not belonging to, or in the least appertaining to the subject of that great and perfect work, thereby utterly perverting the composer's intention, and destroying the general effect? To whomsoever the sin of this treason, heresy, and infidelity may be ascribed, we, in common with every lover of music, and justice to the illustrious dead, most

earnestly pray that he may endure the stings of conscience, and the reproaches of unrestful dreams, until he shall have proved his contrition and repentance by a perfect repetition of the oratorio, cleansed of all unsanctified interpolation; and thus appeased the offended ghost of Handel, and conciliated the toleration of all true believers. The melange was very fairly executed, considering the difficulty of the task, and the artistical unproficiency of those who had to perform it—moreover, it was well received by a very numerous audience; indeed, better than so pernicious a sample of bad taste really merited to be. Miss Cubitt, Miss Porter, and the Misses Williams, Messrs. Purday, Lockey, and Simmons, were the principal vocalists; but if all the most eminent solo singers in Europe had been engaged, it would have afforded no just reason for, nor excuse of, the barbarism committed, especially by a society, whose main object is, to correct and inform the taste of the willing but unenlightened. Mr. W. Blagrove led, Mr. Holderness conducted, Mr. T. Jolley, jun. presided at the organ.

#### HAMBURGH CONFLAGRATION CONCERT.

The most extraordinary phalanx of musical talent, that has been mustered together at any single performance during the season, and the most numerous and distinguished company that has, perhaps, ever congregated in the great saloon of the Opera House, were enlisted and attracted on Friday last, by the indefatigable endeavours of Mr. Moscheles, for the laudable purpose of assisting the universal subscription for the relief of the sufferers by the late awful calamity. The readiness of the numerous artists to aid the intentions of the projectors, and the rich responsiveness of the public to their united appeal, are alike honourable to all parties, and will, we trust, be properly appreciated and remembered in all quarters. The professional list includes the names of Mesdames Persiani, Frezzolini, Caradori, Ronconi, Moltini, Graziani, Gramaglia, E. Gristi, Pacini, Madame Heinefetter, Miss A. Kemble, Fräulein Lutzer and Miss Hawes—Signori Rubini, Mario, Guasco, Ronconi, Lablache, F. Lablache—Mynheer Vrugt, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. John Parry—Madame Dulcken, Dr. Mendelssohn, M. Thalberg, Mr. Benedict, Signor Costa, and Mr. Moscheles, Signori Puzzi, and Liverani. The audience included Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and a multitude of the noble and wealthy of the land, besides a considerable number of music-lovers, and a large bevy of those beautiful and bright gossamers, whom the sun of fashion lures to the metropolis at this joyous solstice, and who swarm like honey bees around the blooming buds of the season, extracting and bestowing sweets.

It were invidious to single out any piece

or performer for individual notice, where all was excellent of its kind, and the value of each was enhanced by the emulation of the occasion; we must, however, in justice to Miss Kemble state, that she promptly and effectively supplied the place of Madame Heinefetter, who was prevented attending through a dangerous accident which occurred to her on the previous evening, during the performance of the "Huguenots." The pianoforte playing was a treat of the most extraordinary description, combining, as it did, so much variety and excellence—Madame Dulcken and M. Thalberg executed the latter's well known Norma duet—Dr. Mendelssohn concerted with Mr. Moscheles in his "Hommage à Handel," often previously heard, but never so ably sustained—Mr. Benedict accompanied Rubini in Beethoven's "Adelaide"—M. Thalberg supported Miss Kemble in Schubert's "Erl King," with exquisite truthfulness—Dr. Mendelssohn gave the accompaniment of two of his own charming German songs, we need not say how well—and Mr. Moscheles extemporised with his wonted taste and dexterity. This concert will be long remembered by the many hundreds who were present—the less fortunate absentees must be content to know that it was, in every way, most eminently satisfactory.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"Chaos is come again"—the climax of all the discontent, which has been wantonly or unavoidably provoked throughout the season, by the petty Green Room squabbles, personal intrigues, equivocal sicknesses, and general disloyalty to the manager and the public, of some of the overpaid servants of this establishment—the gathering indignation of the frequenters of the theatre, which has been swollen from time to time beyond the limits of complaisant forbearance, exploded on Saturday evening like a tornado, or a veritable earthquake. At an unusually early hour the theatre was densely filled—the attraction being, the announced repetition of the "Puritani," and the new Ballet, both of which had been successful on the previous Thursday; about the time of opening the doors, and not before, a notice was issued, that Madame Persiani was too ill to appear, and that the opera of "Beatrice di Tenda," with Madame Frezzolini, and a scene from "Anna Bolena," by Signor Rubini, would be substituted; there was a considerable delay beyond the time of commencement, and the dissatisfaction of the public in the pit and stalls became evident; at length the orchestra commenced, the curtain rose, discovering the chorus singers; when a chorus of discords, that might defy all the contrapuntists of Germany to resolve into bearable harmony, burst forth; the ladies in the boxes at first seemed appalled, but subsequently,

regained their complacency, and seemed to enjoy this new species of opera entertainment, which was prolonged through many acts; M. Laurent frequently petitioned to be heard in explanation, Signor Rubini also attempted to speak, and Signor Costa addressed his neighbours in the stalls; but vain was every appeal; the curtain fell and rose several times; the band commenced, and recommenced, and began again; the uproar continued, and increased, till the arrival of Mr. Lumley, at nearly ten o'clock; when he told the tale of "sudden indisposition," which has been so frequently repeated, that it has come to be a parallel to the fable of "the boy and wolf." Mr. Lumley retired, and returned after some further noisy delay, to state, that such of the audience as preferred to quit the theatre, might have their money or tickets returned to them; hereupon, about half the company deserted their seats, the gas lights were half extinguished, and a gloomy semi-silence of twenty minutes succeeded; when the new ballet "Alma," commenced, and terminated the evening's entertainment, without any opera at all.

The newspapers affect a general wonderment as to what could possibly have occasioned this tumult, and treat it as a piece of mere boisterous ungenerosity; but those initiated in the secrets of the Opera House, understand the matter more readily, and are disposed to treat it more fairly; we are utter enemies to all such disorders, when it is possible to avoid them, and especially where ladies form so large a portion of the company; in certain cases, however, conventions and decorums must yield to the equity of general right and public opinion. Mr. Lumley told his insurgent guests on Saturday, that "he had no controul over sickness and health"—granted; but his numerous officials might have announced the change of performance several hours earlier, and they were bound in honesty not to have continued the letting of boxes and places, and the sale of tickets at enhanced prices—up to the very moment of the said announcement being made, and the opening of the doors—by not so doing, they committed something very like a fraud upon the public, who were deluded into the theatre by false promises, and at very high charges, and who had no other means of expressing their displeasure, or other chance of obtaining redress. Mr. Lumley is young in management; let him look to the conduct of those about him a little more narrowly and wisely; the tricks and finesses so frequently practised by his politic and adroit predecessor, are not likely to succeed in other, and less expert hands; if he would really prosper in his very hazardous enterprise, let him rely upon a system of fair dealing with the public, and that public will assuredly support and reward him.

Occurrences like these do an incalculable injury to the establishment, to the artists engaged in it, to the public taste, and to the art itself; they may, however, prove salutary, as good results from evil, if they are permitted to operate as lessons for the future—may all concerned, so receive the admonition of Saturday night.

#### MADemoiselle BERTUCAT'S CONCERT.

This performance was honoured by the presence of a very fashionable company, at Willis's Rooms, on Monday. Mademoiselle Bertucat played with her accustomed skill, on the harp; and she was assisted by a host of foreigners of all nations, many of whom were utter strangers to us and to the London public; the applause and satisfaction were general.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The following is the programme of the last concert of the present season—the thirtieth since the commencement of the Society in 1813.

#### Eighth Concert, June 27.

##### ACT I.

Sinfonia in C Minor . . . . . Mozart.  
Scena, Miss Dolby, "Ah! perfido." . . . . Beethoven.  
Concerto, Pianoforte, M. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.  
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.  
Duo, Miss Birch and Signor Mario,  
"Beaute Divine" (Les Huguenots) . . . . . Meyerbeer.  
Overture, the "Isles of Fingal" . . . . . Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

##### ACT II.

Sinfonia in C Minor . . . . . Beethoven.  
Romance, Signor Mario, "Plus Blanche" . . . . . Viola.  
Obligato, Mr. Moralt, (Les Huguenots) . . . . . Meyerbeer.  
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Blagrove . . . . . Maurer.  
Scena, Miss Birch, "Per Pieta" . . . . . Mozart.  
Overture, "Jubilee" . . . . . C. M. von Weber.  
Conductor, Sir George Smart.—Leader, Mr. Loder.

The attractive feature of the evening was the superb *concerto* of Dr. Mendelssohn, of which we hope our "Estimator" will, ere long, afford some satisfactory account. It is lamentable to think that this proudly eminent institution should be in a state of peril, if not in its wane—lamentable for the great body of instrumentalists, of the means it has afforded for the cultivation and appreciation of great orchestral compositions, and of the welfare of music herself in her highest attributes—it is grievous to know that another very considerable diminution of the funds formerly amassed by the Society, has been incurred by the unremunerated expenses of the present season, though it has been a truly remarkable one for its production of intrinsic novelty, and its revival of the sterling and standard old. Let us hope that the Society will bestir itself during the recess—will work out its own imperfections—will remedy the errors of its administration—will conciliate the good taste and general good feeling which have

been so frequently outraged and offended—will rely for its wealth and strength on the heaven-high influence of the art alone—above all, will eschew and repent its petty sins of party and individual advantage, and exclusive prejudice—and so phoenix itself—and so deserve to prosper.

#### M. SOWINSKI'S CONCERT.

This performance took place on Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. Dobser, in Manchester Street, the rooms being fashionably filled to their utmost capacity. M. Sowinski is a Pole, who has gained a considerable celebrity in Paris as a pianist, and is said to possess great talent as an orchestral composer—of the latter he has favoured us with no specimen during his visit to London—of his skill on the pianoforte he gave a very fair specimen on Monday, in the execution of several brilliant and effective pieces of his own composition. Madame and Mr. Balfe, and his pupil Mr. Weiss, were the principal vocalists.

#### MADemoiselle OSTERGAARD'S CONCERT.

This lady received a considerable company on Monday at a private residence in Sackville Street—her vocal master, Signor Rubini, was the magnet of the day, and it is sufficient to say that his attraction was sufficient, and his influence potent as ever.

#### Miscellaneous.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—At the annual meeting yesterday, the following were elected directors for the ensuing year. Messrs. James Calkin—Cubitt—Dorrell—W. Evatt—Gattie—J. H. Griesbach—Hutton—H. Westrop—Willy.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The election of Directors took place last night, when Messrs. Anderson—W. S. Bennett—T. Cooke—Griffen—Loder—Lucas—and Neate—were appointed.

**GERMAN OPERA.**—Herr Staudigl, has patriotically made himself personally responsible for the expenses of the present week, in order that his brother and sister artists may acquire the means of returning to their homes—the musical public, it is to be hoped, will liberally second the endeavour.

#### Notice to Correspondents.

Mr. Ford, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Wolley—their subscriptions are received with thanks.

Leeds.—A Constant Reader is referred to the advertisement page; we believe there will be no other "Great Choral Meeting" this year.

W. E. of Mr. Parry, Treasurer, 31, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

M. Saurin.—The letter had no other signature, but was printed in consequence of several applications from the same quarter.

H.—At Exeter Hall, there are vocal pupils from the ages of six to sixty, eighteen is a doubtful age, the male voice being then unformed.

Other correspondents are delayed for want of room.





## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR PUZZI RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE nobility, subscribers to the Opera, his friends, and the public, that his BENEFIT will take place this Evening, June 30, when will be revived Rossini's grand opera; **PETRO L'EREMITA** (Mose in Egitto). Compressed in one act, with the following powerful cast:—Agia, Madame Persiani; Fatima, Madame Ronconi; Foradino, Signor Giorgio Ronconi; Pietro l'Eremita, Signor Lablache; Lusignano, Signor Guasco; and Orosmano, Signor Rubini. In order to give the fullest effect to the celebrated *Prigiera*, "Dal Tuo Stellato Soglio," all the eminent artists of the establishment have kindly consented to lend their aid, and to join the chorus on this occasion only. After which, the second act of Fioravanti's opera, **LE CANTATRICE VILLANE**. By Mesdames Persiani and Frezzolini, Signori Stella, F. Lablache, and Lablache. To be followed by the last act of Bellini's opera, **IL PIRATA**, comprising, Duetto—Madame Persiani, and Signor Ronconi; Trio—Madame Persiani, Signor Ronconi, and Signor Rubini; Aria—Madame Persiani; and the celebrated Tu Vedrai, by Signor Rubini. In the course of the evening, Signor Puzzi will perform a solo on the horn, and Monsieur Thalberg will play (for the last time this season) his admired fantasia on subjects from Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula." To conclude with the New Grand Ballet, entitled **ALMA**; on La Fille Du Fen. Principal characters by Madlle. Cerito, Madlle. Guy Stephan, Madlle. L. Fleury, M.M. Desplais, and Perrot. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made to Signor Puzzi, 19, Piccadilly; and at the Box-office, Opera Comienne. Doors open at Seven; the opera commences at half-past Seven o'clock.

**THREE LAST NIGHTS OF THE GERMAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.** To-night, Thursday, **DER FREISCHUTZ**. Friday Night, **ROBERT THE DEVIL**. Saturday, Miscellaneous Entertainment for the Benefit of **HEARSTADT**.

**MR. HENRY HAYWARD** begs to acquaint the Amateurs of the Violin and the Public that he intends to give

## TWO SOIREE MUSICALES

At the Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Monday, the 11th, and Monday, the 18th of July. On the 11th, Mr. Hayward will perform a *Grand Concerto* in F Minor, Paganini. *Quatuor Brilliant* Op. 43 Spohr, Introduction and air with variations—Hayward; and an *Adagio* and *Fughetta*, unaccompanied—Hayward. On Monday, the 18th, *Adagio* and *Grand Polonaise*—Hayward; "Nel Corpi," Paganini, *Fugue* in G Minor Sebastian Bach; *God save the Queen*, (in four parts), and Rondo—Hayward.

Mr. Hayward will be assisted by some eminent Vocal and Instrumental performers. Conductor, Mr. Lucas. Tickets to admit two persons to both Soirees, One Guinea; single tickets 7s. 6d. each, to be had of Mr. Hayward, 43, Gerrard-street, Soho; of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Keith and Prowse, 48, Cheapside.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

## EXETER HALL.

THE COMMITTEE beg to announce the intention of the Society to perform on Friday Evening, 8th July, 1842, Handel's Sacred Oratorio,

## "THE MESSIAH,"

In aid of the Fund for the Relief of the Distressed Manufacturers, and earnestly appeal to the friends of the Society and the public at large, for their liberal encouragement and support on the occasion. The band and chorus will consist of above

## FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.

The performance will commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets 3s. each, reserved seats 5s., may be had of the principal Music-sellers; of Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross; Mr. Bowley, 43, Charing Cross; at the Office of the Committee of the Relief Fund, 74, King William-street, City; and of Mr. Rice, Grand Cigar Divine, 102, Strand opposite Exeter Hall.

**MORNING CONCERTS**, at Mr. Green's Gallery, 6, Saville House, Leicester-square.—Performances (first time in London) on the newly invented Harmonica Piano.

**HERR BREUNIG** respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Amateurs of Music, that his

## MATINEE MUSICALE

Will take place on Thursday the 30th of June, and the two following days, in the Concert Room above mentioned. Herr Staendlin has kindly consented to exhibit, in compositions of his own, the beautiful effects of the Harmonica Piano with the voice. Admission 5s.; reserved seats 10s. Doors open at half-past 1, to commence at 2 o'clock.

## NEW SONGS.

PUBLISHED AT C. NICHOLSON'S FLUTE MANUFACTORY, 13, Hanway Street, Oxford Street.

"Oh never breathe a lost one's name" J. H. Tully.  
"The Old Man's Tale" G. F. Taylor.  
"The Gypsy Child" E. J. Loder.  
"Oh sing again" G. F. Taylor.  
"The Ivy-tree" J. W. Thirlwall.  
"My poor Rosette" E. J. Loder.  
"Come, come with me" Clement White.  
"Nae star was glintin out aboon" N. J. Spörle.  
"Come wander forth" J. Chumbley.  
"I love thee, dear England" Clement White.  
"The merry mountain strain" H. Lea.  
"Sweetly blooms the opening rose" H. Lea.

Just published, "THE RHINEKRAFTER," a Song, by Clement White; the words by J. Brougham, Esq., embellished with a first-rate drawing by Pasmore, the subject one of the most picturesque views on the Rhine.

## CORNOPEANS, VALVE BUGLES, TROMBONES, BASS HORNS, OPHELIDES, &amp;c.

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Ditto ditto, and case	4	4 0
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Trombones alto	1	15 0
Tenor	1	17 6
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Bass	3	3 0
New Improved ditto	3	3 0
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Ophelides	26	6s. and 7 0
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Ditto with arms	6	6 0

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Also just out, **THE BRITISH VOCAL ALBUM**, edited by J. W. DAVISON, Nos. 1 to 18; and SPOHR'S celebrated song, "A bird sat on an alder bough," as sung by Misses Birch and DOLBY, with the accompaniment adapted for piano solo, by J. W. DAVISON.

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No. 5, Clementi's Second Sonata, Op. 40, in B minor.  
No. 6, J. S. Bach's Sonata, No. 2 of the Suites Anglaises.  
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ONWHY, Catherine-street, Strand; and all Music-sellers and News-vendors.

## Shortly will be Published.

A CONCERTINO, for the VIOLIN, with an accompaniment for the PIANO FORTE, dedicated, by permission, to HENRY BLAGROVE, Esq., by HENRY FARMER.

**THE ROYAL GEMS**: seven Waltzes, from seven of the most popular sets, including the Aurora, by Labitzky; the Komet, by Lanner; the Venus, by Montgomery; the Echo, by Flesche; the Paris, by Strauss; the Nightingale, by Jullien, and the Runcion, by Parigiani, arranged in one set, with a due attention to the relation of the keys, by Charles W. Glover; beautifully illustrated with portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess royal. It is an admitted fact, that the most popular sets of waltzes generally contain one waltz only which may be deemed surpassingly beautiful. In this galaxy of "gems," the purchaser for the price of one will possess the beauties of seven sets, by seven of the most popular composers of this attractive kind of music.

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